

THE PORTSMOUTH INQUIRER.

Published by Cleveland & Pearce.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, PROGRESSION.

Office, on Market Street.

VOLUME III.

PORTSMOUTH, O., MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1850.

NUMBER 23.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Blanks! Blanks!!

A new assortment of blanks of various kinds such as Warrants, Quits-Claims, and Mortgages Deeds, Subpoenas, Summons, Executions, Attachments, and other Justice's blanks, constantly on hand at this office.

BANKING OFFICE

KINNEY & TRACY!
KINNEY & TRACY have opened an office for discount and deposits, on Front street, four doors below the U. S. Hotel. Interest allowed on deposits, payable on demand. Gold, silver, and uncurrent notes bought and sold. Office hours from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.
May 13, 1850.

EXCHANGE OFFICE.

East side of Market, one door from Front street
DUGAN & MACKOY,
(Exchange Brokers.)
LOAN money collect notes and drafts, buy and sell Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, receive money on deposit allowing interest on the same, payable on demand.
January 9, 1849—40.

SUMS OF MONEY
LARGE and small, transmitted at all times, to any part of England, Ireland, or Scotland.
DUGAN & MACKOY,
(Exchange Brokers.)
East side of Market, one door from Front st. Portsmouth, O., Oct. 17, '49.—28tf.

New Hat and Cap MANUFACTORY!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE FRANKLIN HOUSE
Portsmouth, Ohio

S. R. ROSS,
WHOLESALE GROCER,
COMMISSION
AND
PRODUCE MERCHANT,
AND
Forwarder,
FRONT ST., PORTSMOUTH OHIO

A full and complete assortment of Tea, Sugar, Wines, Liqueurs, Nails, Iron, Coffee, Molasses, Powder, Cordage, &c., always on hand, at Eastern Wholesale prices.
Particular attention given to orders
Portsmouth, May 8, 1848. If.

F. J. OAKES. **A. W. BUSKIRK**
OAKES & BUSKIRK,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Dealers in
Rectified, Whiskey, Foreign
AND
Domestic Liquors.

NO. 6,
Front Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.
We have by strict attention to business and due observance of the wants of our customers, and the public generally, to receive continuance of that very liberal patronage here before extended to the old firm, for which we are very much obliged.
January 2, 1849—439

Summer Hats.
THE subscriber now has on hand and is finishing a superior quality of Hats of the latest styles and of every variety adapted to the season. Also,
Children's Hats and Caps,
of every beautiful form and now on hand, all of which will be sold singly or by the dozen, on terms which cannot fail to be satisfactory.
D. WOLFARD,
Front street, Portsmouth, April 29, '50

R. LLOYD
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather
and Shoe Findings.

I AM now receiving my Spring Stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather and Shoe Findings, together with a large and beautiful assortment of Carpet Bags and Satchels, which were selected with great care.
Persons wishing any of the above articles, will find it to their interest to give me a call, as I am determined to sell as low as the same articles can be bought west of the Mountains.
RICHARD LLOYD,
Store on the Big Run Road,
Portsmouth, March 19, 1850—50.

JNO. McDOWELL Jr.,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
NEW ORLEANS.

Land Office Agency.
PERSONS wishing to enter land at the Land Office in Chillicothe, O., can have attended to, and save both time and money by calling on
DUGAN & MACKOY,
Farmers' and Merchants' Exchange,
Portsmouth, Nov. 27, '49—34tf.

ALWAYS on hand S. F. FLOUR, No. 1 and 2. Warranted to be of good quality.
C. A. M. DAMIRIN,
December 10, 1849—6.

COFFEE—100 bags for sale at market rate by
July 15, 1850.
S. R. ROSS.

RICE—A prime article by Tierce or barrel, for sale by
July 15, 1850.
S. R. ROSS.

Business Directory

GROCERS & PRODUCE DEALERS.
S. R. ROSS,
Front street, 5 doors below Market.
Oakes & Buskirk,
No. 6, Front street, above Market.

COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS & GROCERS.
Davis & Smith,
East side of Market street.
McDowell & Co.,
Corner of Front and Market streets.

PHYSICIANS.
Dr. J. M. Shackelford,
Residence on Fourth above Court.
Dr. Wm. McDowell,
Office on Front, 3 doors above Market.
Dr. J. Corson,
Residence on Court, between 4th and 5th sts.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Edward W. Jordan,
Market Street, next door to the Bank.
W. A. Hutchins,
Market Street, next door to the Bank.

BANKERS.
P. Kinney & Co.,
Front, half way between Market & Jefferson.
Dugan & Mackoy,
East side of Market, 1 door from Front street.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.
Portsmouth Insurance Company,
Front, in J. Lodwick & Son's Store.

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS.
Wm. Elden & Co.,
East side Market, between Front & Second.
Lodwick & Son,
No. 66 Front, above Jefferson.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
J. L. M'Vey & Co.,
Front, 53 Flaxseed Row.
Shackelford & Critchton,
Front, below Jefferson.

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.
S. Wells,
Front, one door below Court.

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.
John Clugston,
Front, one door above Kinney's.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.
J. B. & S. P. Nickels,
West side Market, between Front & Second.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
A. C. Davis,
Front Street, below U. S. Hotel.
Miller & Elsas,
Corner of Front and Jefferson.

BOOTS & SHOES.
M. Kehos,
Front, two doors below Jefferson.

HATS AND CAPS.
D. Wolfard,
Front street, one door below Franklin House.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
J. M. Teagarden,
Over No. 3, Jefferson street.

JOB PRINTING
AT THE
INQUIRER OFFICE.
Having recently procured an Extensive and Splendid Assortment of
FANCY AND JOB TYPE.

We are prepared to execute in the neatest manner and at short notice, all kinds of
SHOW BILLS, BALL TICKETS,
HAND BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS,
HORSE BILLS, VISITING CARDS,
LABELS, CIRCULARS, &c.

With a new and beautiful font of
Script,
And also one of Secretary Type,
we are prepared to execute all kinds of Legal and Business Blanks.
We shall always keep on hand a full assortment of Land conveyances, Bills of Lading, Promissory notes, &c., got up after the most approved forms, which we will sell by the single sheet or quire, at prices, for the most part, as low as they can be procured in Cincinnati. Having been at considerable expense, from a desire to have the above named kinds of work executed as well in our town as they can be in larger places, we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

P. H. MURRAY & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Stores, Grates, Castings and Hollow-ware,
Manufacturers of
Copper, Zinc, Sheet-iron, and Tin-ware,
WEST SIDE OF MARKET STREET,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

We invite Country merchants, Furnace men, and citizens generally, to call and examine our stock. All orders promptly attended to. Job Work executed with neatness and dispatch.
Portsmouth, Sept. 18, '49—24wtf.

New Books.
THE Planetary and Stellar Worlds, a popular exposition of the great discoveries and theories of Modern Astronomy, by Professor Mitchell; Teaching a Science. The Teacher an Artist, a most valuable work for Teachers, by the Rev. Bayard R. Hall, A. M., Newburgh, N. Y.; Battle of Summer, by the Marvel; War and Chances of the Nile, with a variety of choice Books, for sale by
Aug. 8, '50. J. STEPHENSON & Co.

NEW BOOKS.
THE Green Hand; Letitia Arnold; Norman Leslie; Professor's Lady; Food and Climate. Considered in reference to Health; Web-to-yah, or the Tact Trail; Just received and for sale by
JAMES STEPHENSON & CO.
July 29, 1850.

MORE BOOKS.
THE Shoulder Knot; by Rev. B. F. Telf. Lectures and Addresses of Horace Greeley. "The Professional Lady," illustrated. Field Book of the Revolution, No. 3, &c., received and for sale this day, by
J. STEPHENSON & CO.
July 3, 1850.

COD LIVER OIL. Just received, a lot of Dr. T. O. Edwards & Co's, genuine C. O. Oil. For sale by
Dr. J. CORSON,
No. 3, Front

The Muses.



From the Portfolio, 1801.
Popular Music.

[Under this head we give the celebrated song of "Orilla," in "Adelmann, or the Outlaw," a new romantic drama by Lewis, an author whose genius in Poetry has never been denied. The following lines are in his usual style, and the music is as soothing as the "voice of the charmer," or the breath of "Favonia."]
The clock had told "one" all was silent and dead!

When, lo! as I lay fast in sleep in my bed And long for the loss of the lad who is fled,
My pillow in tears had been sleeping;
Methought that in accents well known and sweet,
The voice of my love sighed soft in my ear:
"Why sorrow, my friend? Thy rovers' sphere! Sweet love, are ye waking or sleeping?"

"Lord bless me!" cried I, and jumped up in a fright;
"Who bade you come hither, or gave you the right? Unlook'd for, unwatched for at this time of night,
My room to invade, softly creeping!"
"I come," he replied, "with no evil design!" And while he thus spoke he attempted to join Those two lips of his to those two lips of mine—
You know all the while I was sleeping.

I bade him begone, my reproaches were lost; He answered by pressing me close to his heart, Then boldly protesting he would not depart. In spite of entreaties and weeping,
Still closer he clasp'd me. "Was there that I broke The thread of my dream; but as soon as I woke, I freely confess the first words that I spoke, Were—'Ah have I only been sleeping!'"

Miscellaneous.

A Daily Editor.
It don't seem to make much difference with the duties of a daily editor—it is the same routine of perpetual toil, one day with the other. If perchance the scissors do not well perform their functions, then the brain of the Editor makes up the deficiency. If there be no spirit in the mails, there must be spirit in the pen.

Of the many professions in practice, the daily Editor is the most unlike them all. A farmer can go home and rest during a rainy day, and his work goes on the better all the while; not so the Editor. The mechanic rests from his labor during a dull time; not so the Editor. The clergyman, if he feels like it, adds a paragraph to his sermon to-day, if not, he waits or rides and leaves the sermon for to-morrow; not so the Editor. The lawyer can "continue the case," or put it over, if he is not ready for trial; not so the Editor. The doctor can give his patients a double dose to-day, and go a fishing to-morrow; not so the Editor. Every day he must be at his post, like the perpetual sun with its daily round of duty. Just so much shine, the sun; just so much work, the Editor. The sun and the daily Editor are the only two objects in nature at all similar. The sun can't say, "O I feel tired to-day—I think I won't shine to-day," but shine it must. So shine the Editor must.

In the morning a daily Editor rises early, breakfasts sparingly, and repairs promptly to his post, where he finds a weight of duty, mountains high, before him, in the shape of exchanges and correspondence, which call for his immediate attention. He reads, cuts and slashes among the papers, and makes up his matter for the evening issue to his own liking. At ten he begins to labor for a leader, with perhaps the shadow of an idea in his head; but come it must at whatever cost it may. Well they talk of States without kings, churches without bishops; but what is a daily paper without a leader? Just no paper at all. The Editor, while thus bestowing his entire soul upon his diurnal effort, then come the perplexities from without, which add so much to the many within. From the moment he seats himself with his paper before him, pen in hand, well filled with ink, headings all made, properly underscored and pointed, the accustomed din of daily life begins.

A tall, substantial man comes in and enters a complaint that "the paper didn't come last week," another that he wants the paper stopped because it don't take the right stand in relation to slavery. A man enters with his hair on end, raging furiously, and demands that we blow some one that has insulted him. A wheat dealer complains that our market reports set the prices up too high for his advantage; another declares they are too low, when an argument takes place occupying just one and a half hours. In the mean time, those who have no interest in the matter, are discussing other matters in different parts of the room, which by this time contains a specimen of all characters in life. Three lounging loafers sit on our table, one on either side of us, with very inquiring minds, look at every word we write, telling us all the while what we should do to make our paper interesting. A half dozen boys come in answer to the notice for "A boy wanted to do chores—call at this office." Five business men are in complaining that their advertisements are not placed in a conspicuous place. A man comes up to us, with a rawhide ready elevated; declaring that if we do not contradict the statement made last night, in relation to some personal matter, we must take the consequences! Two boys want copy, the former says five columns of the first page has been knocked into it; Michael McLeoney wants to know why the Editor reported him drunk and taken to the watch-house, last night.

A boy comes in with a cake of shaving soap and two boxes of matches, with Messrs. Trademans, Dicker & Co's compliments, would be pleased to have the Editor notice favorably the specimens sent.

A thousand perplexities, not mentioned in this catalogue, are the fate of a daily editor, and it is thus, reader, he is from day to day compelled to indite his "leader."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*
—A singular train of accidents happened a few days ago in a family at Mount Vernon, Indiana. Some time during the day one of the sons was taken suddenly ill, and was bitten by a copperhead snake, and the third, while in search of the mother to inform her of the casualties, which had befallen the family, was thrown violently from the horse upon which he was riding, and badly injured.

My Wife's Gold Ring!

Or, John Gaspard Lavater and the Poor Widow.

It was the practice with Lavater (an eminent clergyman, born in Zurich, Switzerland, 1741), to read every morning one or more chapters of the Bible, and to select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the Gospel of Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! how difficult to make choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments consideration he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for Divine guidance.

When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of scripture he had chosen for the day.

"Give unto him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away," was the reply. "And how is this to be understood?" said his wife. "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.—These," rejoined Lavater, "are the words of Him to whom all and everything belong that I possess, I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me; and not to refuse him who would borrow of me; or, in other words, if I have two coats, I must give one to him who has none, and if I have food, I must share with him who is an hungry and in want; this I must do without being asked; how much more, then, when asked."

"This," continues Lavater in his diary, "appeared to me so evidently and incontrovertibly to be the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth; my wife made no further reply than that she would well consider these things."
"I had scarcely left the dining room a few minutes, when an aged widow desired to speak to me, and she was shown into my study. 'Forgive me, dear sir,' she said, 'excuse the liberty I am about to take; I am truly ashamed, but my rent is due to-morrow; I am short six dollars; I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor girl is nearly starving; every penny that I could save I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars are wanting, and to-morrow is to-morrow.' Here she opened a parcel, which she held in her hand, and said: 'This is a book with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sore it is to part with it. I am aware that it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay—but, dear sir, if you can, do assist me.'"

"I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said; and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars; these, I said to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty, she requires six; besides, if even they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said: 'Have you no friend, no relation, who could give you this trifle?'"
"No, there is no one! I am ashamed to go from house to house. I would rather work day and night. My excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness. If, however, you cannot assist me, you will at least forgive my intrusion; and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixtieth year."

"At this moment the door of my apartment opened and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed. Gladly would I have sent her away; for conscience whispered, give her what she asked thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' She came up to me and said, with much sweetness, 'This is a good old woman; she has certainly been ill of late; assist her if you can.'"

"Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. 'I have but two dollars,' I said in a whisper, 'and she requires six. I'll give her a trifle in the hand and let her go.'"

"Laying her head on my arm and smiling, my wife said aloud, 'what conscience had whispered before: Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.'"
"I blushed, and replied, with some little hesitation: 'Would you give your ring for the purpose?'"

"With pleasure," answered my wife, pulling off her ring.

"The good old widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called to her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife, 'Are you in earnest about the ring?'"
"Certainly, how can you doubt it?" she said: 'do you think that I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said to me but half a year ago. Oh, my dear friend, let us not make show of the gospel; you are in general so kind, sympathizing, how is it that you find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? why did you not without hesitation give her what was in your pocket? and did you not know that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days?' She then added with much feeling: 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.'"

"I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheeks: 'Thanks, a thousand thanks, for this humiliation!' I turned to the desk, took from it the six dollars, and opened the door to call the poor widow—'all darkened around me at the thought that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, 'I cannot help you.' Oh, thou false tongue! thou false heart! If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, oh Lord, who shall stand! 'Here is what you need,' I said, addressing the widow.
"At first she seemed not to be understood what I meant, and thought I was offering a small contribution, for which she thanked me, and pressed my hand; but when she perceived that I had given her the whole sum, she could scarcely find words to express her feelings. She cried: 'Dear sir, I cannot repay; all I possess is this poor book, and it is sold.'"
"Keep your book," said I, "and the money, too, and thank God, and not me, for verily I deserve no thanks, after having so long resisted your entreaties; go in peace, and forgive me an erring brother."

and you know that I possess several besides, you will never allow yourself to say to any person, 'I cannot help you.' She kissed me, and I left the apartment.
"When I found myself alone, I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart—this heart which no longer than yesterday dictated the words: 'Of all the characters in the world, there is none I would more avoid than that of a hypocrite;' yet to preach the whole moral law and fulfill only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father, how long must I wait, and reflect, and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my profession."

"I read over once more the chapter which I had read in the morning with so little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed, and convinced that there is no peace, except where principle and practice are in perfect accordance. How peacefully and happily I must have ended this day, had I acted conscientiously to the blessed doctrines I profess! Dear Saviour, send thy Holy Spirit into this benighted heart! cleanse it from secret sin! and teach me to employ that which thou has committed to my charge, to thy glory, a brother's welfare, and my own salvation!"

Days and Nights in Sweden.

There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at this season of the year, when the days are longest, than the absence of night. Dr. Baird had no conception of it before his arrival. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends; had not taken notice of time, and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if all the inhabitants had gone away or were dead. No signs of life, stores were closed. The sun in June goes down at Stockholm at a little before ten o'clock.—There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such, that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. B. read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June the sun does not go down at all.—Travelers go up there to see it. A steamboat goes from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who wish to see the curious phenomena. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise. At the North Cape, lat. 72° it does not go down for several weeks to the horizon.

The way the people know when it is midnight, they see the sun begin to rise.—The changes in those high latitudes from summer to winter are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all.—In the winter time the sun disappears and is not seen for six weeks. Then it comes up and shows its face. Afterwards it remains for ten, or fifteen, or twenty minutes, then descends; and finally it does not set at all, but almost a circle round the heavens. He had been asked how they manage in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day? He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hours, and that twelve hours would be considered a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at their usual hours. The Dr. did not know how they learned the time, but they had, and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not.—The hens take to the trees about seven P. M. and remain there till the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into this habit of late rising, too. The first morning Dr. B. awoke in Stockholm, the sun was shining brightly into his room.—He looked at his watch and found it was only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but nobody in the streets. The people are not in the habit of rising so soon.

The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing probably to the climate. The sun is up so long, that the atmosphere becomes very hot, though not so hot as our summer weather. The shopkeepers in Stockholm, in the middle of the day used to shut up their shops, and take their siesta; but the government allowed the Jews to come in, and they obliged the Swedes to change. The Jews kept their shops open in the middle of the day, and the Swedes had to follow their example.—But they are not very thankful to the Jews for this.

The Diet of Norway does not allow a Jew to step his foot into the country. The law was made in the nineteenth century, and is a disgrace to the age and its protestantism; they exclude both Jews and Jesuits. A few years ago the government advertised for money; a Jew went to Copenhagen to negotiate the loan. He made a bargain, and afterwards wanted to go ashore, but this privilege was refused him. They were glad of his money, but would not allow him to step his foot upon the soil.

The country of the Swedes and Norwegians may be called the New England of Europe. It is a land of rocks, and contains unnumbered numbers of lakes and islands; no part of it is perfectly level, and where the surface is comparatively level, it is undulating. There are many iron mines; and some of gold and silver.—The iron mines of Dunderberg, which is in a plain country, and 500 feet deep is particularly celebrated, as also the iron and copper mines of Falun. The mining districts are poor and populous, but you find there the best people in Sweden.

Byron is said to have remarked that "the greatest trial to a woman's beauty, is the ungrateful act of eating eggs." Some Yankee has remarked that the poet could never have seen a pretty lady hanging on by the teeth to a blazing hot cornucopia.

The Poetry Machine.

"More copy, sir."
"Oh! ye-ye-yes: uh! what did you say?"
"More copy, sir."
"The devil you do. How much do you want?"
"Four sticks, Sir!"
"Jeremiah, bring out the machine—the exchanges are short—no murders, thefts, or seductions—that's right, old boy, see if the screw is adjusted, the crank fastened, and the gudgeons well greased."
"All right, sir."
"Well, commence!"

"The night was dark and fearful!"
"Tom came west mowing by,"
"Their discord filled my ear full!"
"Of ungrateful male nix!"
"How wistfully we gazed out!"
"But sunk back in deep despair!"
"There's misty, foggy air,"
"And I see no 'feelings' there!"

"Hold up, Jeremiah, that's entirely too categorical. Alter the gauge a little; there that will answer. All ready."

"Push the boat off from the shore,
The winds are blowing free;
Steady, now we bend the oar,
And pull out for the sea."
The sun is rising to the east,
As bright as woman's eye,
The pale moon looks above the trees,
Like a pane in the sky.

"Stop that! a mighty leap from the sublime! Turn a little slower; commence."

"Twice night, and gloomy darkness had her ebony veil unfurled,
And nothing remained but gas lamps to light up this drear world.
The heavens frowned, Her twinkling orbs,
With silver light endowed,
Where all occult, on 't'other side, a thundering big black cloud.
Pale Luna, too, shed not her beams upon the motley groups,
Which lazily, were standing round, like new disbanded troops.
A death like stillness e'er prevailed o'er levee, lane and street,
And the whole eternal city from the Vids Poche to Bremen, and from the brink clear out to Camp Springs—where they drink so much beer on Sunday, and waltz wussar than Nathans' hoss in the circus—seemed for all the world just as if it was wrapped up in her winding sheet!"

"Put up the confounded thing. It don't work. I don't believe the moon is right to-night—look to the almanac and see,"—*St. Louis Reveille.*

The Fugitive Bill.

The Fugitive Slave bill that recently passed the Senate and is now before the House provides:

1 For the appointment of commissioners by the United States Courts in the States and Territories whose duty it shall be to hear the demand and grant certificates to the claimants of fugitive slaves for their apprehension.

2 Commissioners shall appoint assistants to execute their duties in the counties, and shall have power to summon pose committees to their aid.

3 Testimony of claimant or agent to be prima facie evidence against the fugitives whose evidences is not to be taken; and upon a hearing before any magistrate, justice of the peace, U. S. Judge, commissioner or assistant, upon the testimony of the claimant or agent, the fugitive is to be delivered up.

4 Persons hindering the execution of the law to be fined \$500 and imprisoned six months and on conviction by trial of having caused the escape of a fugitive, to be fined \$1,000, subject to recovery by law.

5 Persons who fees to marshals and deputies and clerks of the U. S. Courts &c., &c., for their services under this act.

6 Additional persons provided for to assist, if necessary, in the recapture and transportation to his master of a fugitive, and their compensation defined.

7 It is provided that a certificate shall be given from one State or territory for the pursuit of a fugitive, and his recapture in another State or territory.

8 It is provided that when a marshal or his deputies permit the escape of a fugitive from their possession they shall be amenable to the value of the slave; and for default of duty in his capture, amenable to a fine of \$1,000.

This is a more stringent law than has heretofore existed upon this subject and will undoubtedly meet with much opposition in the House. We notice that in the discussion on Friday, Mr. Yulee, of Florida, called the attention of the Senate to the proceedings of Gerret Smith's Fugitive Slave convention, at Cazenovia, New York. Those fellows, in their address to the Southern slaves, recommending them to commit burglary, robbery, and murder, if necessary, to effect their escape, were regarded by Mr. Yulee as furnishing very bad evidence of any disposition in the State of New York to respect the provisions of the slave property of the South. The very fact he thought of the existence of such conventions, boldly promulgating the most atrocious doctrines of a meeting of brigands promises little indeed either for the recovery of fugitive slaves, or the restoration of the peace, or even the existence of the Union. The South will see however, in the general reputation of the doctrines of this Convention, that there is no sympathy with them in the North but utter abhorrence everywhere.—*Chronicle and Atlas.*

Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad.

The Hamilton Intelligencer of Thursday says: "The work on this road is progressing rapidly. On Monday two host trains of iron arrived here, designed for the portion of the road between Cincinnati and this place. The Company is at this time engaged in securing the right of way between this place and Dayton, and we learn that it is the intention of the contractors to commence operations in a few days on that part. The manner in which this work is pushed forward by the Company is certainly very creditable."